
Title: Lysander's Notebook

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Day Three - Day Six:
What are these Beasts
that dare to defy our
presence here? Hast Thou
sent them, Master? To
tear apart these foolish
ones that accompany me?
That repugant pustule,
Drummel, put forth his
absurd little theories as
to the nature of the
Beasts that attacked our
camp, but I'll have none
of his words. He asks
too many questions. He is
taint upon the grounds of
Thy Sanctum, Master - I
will deal with him after
the Sewel woman.
Speaking of Sewel, I have
convinced that
empty-headed harlot that
we should move our
encampement within the
antechamber. She thinks I
worry for her safety. I
come for thee, Master. I
make my camp in thy
chambers. I sleep under
Thy roof. I can feel Thine
presence even now. Soon,
Master. Soon.